

Athenian News:

O R,

Dunton's Oracle.

 From Saturday July the 1st, to Tuesday July the 4th, 1710.

The Ogling-Post, or Good News for the Batchellors, with a Map of Cupid's Dominions written by the Athenian Society.

THE Design of this *Ogling-Post* being to direct the Batchelor and Virgin in their whole Amour (that Lovers may have a Universal Directory, I will first insert a Map of the *English Arcadia*, or *Cupids Dominions*, writ by the Athenian Society.

The *English Arcadia*, or Kingdom of Love is situated very near to the Kingdom of *Galantry*, of which I am now drawing a Map, and will publish it in few Days, and it is a very pleasant Country, and certainly all those that Travel thither, will find much satisfaction, provided they are well read in the Map, and understand it so perfectly, that they are not in Danger of mistaking their Way; which is a common Misfortune that happens to rash and ill-advised Travellers.

And altho' there are some hard and rugged Paths in the way to this Kingdom, which the most Skilful Travellers cannot avoid in this Journey, yet they have frighted no Body from going thither, but Persons of all Sorts, Ages and Complexions, have and will still venture, and sing as they set out, that there is no Pleasure in this World without some Pain, and Joy does often succeed the Place of Grief: And so these happy People go on comforting themselves in despite of all Discouragement, lawful or unlawful.

We Love these willing Travellers so well, that we cannot forbear adding some Directions to those comfortable Hopes that spur them on to this dangerous Journey. And in as few Words as may be, we'll here set down a Faithful and True Guide from our Excellent Map of the Ways, which all must religiously observe, that

will travel into this Kingdom of Love, and prosper there.

Upon the Frontiers of this Kingdom of Love, you will find the great Plain of Indifferency; which is a Plain fair to the Eye, and very delightful; where is ordinarily kept a Fair for all sorts of Merchants, but Merchants, who Trade with nothing but Barrels of Pease, and whipt Cream.

Having gone over this Plain, you will arrive at the Wood of Fair Assemblies, which is a very pleasant Grove, where there is almost always to be heard a Pleasant Consort of Voices, and Lutes, or at least twenty four Violins, and very often Balls and Plays are to be seen there.

A little Way from that Pleasant Wood, you will light upon an Inn stol'n from the High-way, it is call'd kind Looks; where you will bait a while, and you will there Drink of a small Sort of Wine, which has much Sweetness in the Taste, but it is of a Nature to heat more than you would imagine by the Colour.

From Kind Looks you would be lead to *Inquietude*, a little Village, where there are no Beds, but what are abominable Uneasy. And the People of that Place, as well as Strangers are forced to lye only on hard Boards and Faggots, which are only made of Thorns.

From *Inquietude* you will come to *Reflection*, a very Pleasant Village, which contains all the Second Editions of kind Looks, and commonly presents 'em fairer than at first.

From *Reflection* you pass on to *Visit*, a Village fair enough, but where none stays to Lodge. There are none but Chairs to sit on there, and not a Bed to lye on.

From *Visit* you go on to *Sighs*, which is a little Place, where there is nothing remarkable, unless it be some Wind-mills, which are mov'd by Winds and Vapours that arise from a Neighbouring

bouring Mountain call'd a *Wounded Heart*.

From *Sighs* you will find your self upon a great and famous Town call'd *Cares upon Complacency*; where there is a Citadel, Town, and University: The Captain of the Castle, that guards that City, never Sleeps Soundly, but lies down always as in Fear of Surprise, or as if he had some great Enterprize in Hand. He has a Train of Numerous hired Spies, which advertize him every Minute of all that pass by, what kind of Weather it is, and what it is a Clock.

The City is filled with Merchants of Sweet Lemmons, Portugal Oranges, Marmalade, Italian Sweet-meats, Franchipan, and Marshalls Gloves, Essences of all Sorts, and Knacks innumerable and extremely pretty to the Eye.

The University is graced with Admirable Professors who are all passed Doctors in Courtships, Verses, Ends of Plays, Songs, *A-la-Mode*, Fine Language, Pleasant Romances, and Tales of all Sorts: And it is said, that these rare Students have been long breaking their Brains to find out the most refined Rallery, but they have found it a harder Task than they imagined it. For to this Day they have bit their Nails to the quick about it, and yet cannot accomplish their Design.

From this Great and Famous City you will go to a Village call'd *Love Declar'd*: Which is a little Place, and all that Live in it are so hoarse, you can scarce hear a Word they say, they speak so very low: And when they earnestly desire to be understood, they are forced to content themselves with treading on the Toe, or else with griping the Hand of those Persons they address themselves to. And truly one wou'd take those People to be very virtuous, for they have always their Faces spread with the Blush of an honest Bashfulness.

From *Love Declar'd*, you will arrive at *Protestation*, a Place where the Inhabitants seem to be very Devout; they have always their Hands joyned and their Eyes fixed on Heaven, striking their Hands very often upon their Breasts, Swearing horrid Oaths to confirm what they protest: Yet none but Fools believe them.

From *Protestation* you arrive at *Confidence*, a little private Village seated in a bottom, an unbeaten Path. Those who inhabit there, Confess themselves perpetually one to another, and yet are never the honestest for all that.

From *Confidence* you will find a Village in the midst of a Wood, which is called *Attempting*. The People of that little Place have the Repute of good Fencers, and yet they scarce understand

one Stroak of the Sword. They are also reputed to be good Wrestlers, and it is said, that the Inhabitants of *Guinnet Corentin* did learn of them to give the *Sault du Breton*, so Famous amongst the *French*. There was heretofore in this same Place a Castle call'd *Resistance*, but it was Destroyed by the Wars, and of its Ruins there is now made a little Fort which is call'd, *Soon yielded*.

From *Attempting* you come with some Labour and Trouble to *Enjoyment*; which is look'd upon as the Capital City in that Province, and it is perfectly Delightful at first sight, and very remarkable for its beautiful Gardens, which are adorned with many agreeable Labyrinths, where People go in Couples to lose themselves.

From *Enjoyment* you are led by a Way Hedged in with Roses to *Satiety*. The Journey is great, and the Way something long, tho' Pleasant: But it leads you to an Alabaster Porch, where you will see nothing upon the Roses, but Thorns. Provision is very Cheap in this Town of *Satiety*, but the Air of that Place gives so little Appetite, that People will hardly deign to touch the Meat.

From *Satiety* you must come to a City that has but one Street, and that's a very long one. It is call'd *Household Love*: And it is there where every Body is called by their own Names, for from all Antiquity there has not been in this Town of *Household Love* any Quality or Sir-name given to any Person, and by an Article of the custom of this Place, are abolish'd for Ever the Titles of my Dear, and Best-beloved.

From *Household Love* you may with great Facility, look over all the Kingdom of Love. Our Whole Society went thither one Day, where we survey'd all things that past in the Groves, the Bowers, by Rivers and Fountains, and in what ever other place was Remote or Obscure; 'twas from thence that we saw the charming *Orinda* in the Palace of true Pleasure, as also the Ingenious *Irene*, lamenting the Loss of her Lover.

From *Household Love* you will find your self just over against *New Inclination*, which is close by the Inn call'd *Kind Looks*, in the Wood of *Fair Assemblies*. So it seems there is but one Circuit made in all the Region of Love.

And at this Point of the Circle, our Dear Travellers, we will take our leave (as Lovers do) just where we found you, and we Fear, never the Wiser, no more than they; yet we must tell you before we go, that there are some in the World who say, that the Capital City in the Kingdom of Love is the Heart, and we believe it; but that is

is a great way about: For it is seated upon a Mountain whose Top is much above the Clouds.

And there is no Possibility of going there, either in a Coach or on Horse-Back. No Mule nor any other Way can carry you thither, you must walk it, and Bare-Foot too, altho' the Way is very Rough and Thorny.

Therefore, (Gentlemen and Ladies) Consider well before you take your Journey, all that have a Mind to Travel towards our *English Arcadia*, or Kingdom of Love, that *Dulcia non meruit, qui non gustavit amara*.

Thus far the Athenian Society, I shall now proceed to the *Ogling-Post*, or News for the Batchellors, which (that I may keep to the Words of the Ingenious *Mottoux*) I shall entitle the *Lovers Gazette*.

Every one is preparing for the War, and if you will believe the following *Gazette*, in *Cupid's* Dominions it rages no less than it doth now in *Europe*.

THE LOVERS GAZETTE.

From the City of Beauty, the 18th of the Month of Courtship.

THE States began their Sessions the third of this Instant, Sir *Coquetting Beau*, High-Commissioner, made them a Speech full of soft Verses, florid Words, and moving Expressions. The Lord of Charms, their President, returned him an Answer much to his Satisfaction; and it was agreed, that the City should furnish two Millions of *Ogles* for the War against the rebellious Hearts, and raise a Regiment of Allurements for the Service of Love. Sir *Coquetting* intends to set up an Office for *Billets Doux*, and demands that a Tax of a thousand Kisses a Day be levied for a Regiment of Mouths that are to be quartered here.

From the Town of Pride, the 16th of the Month of Indifference.

Four thousand humble Addresses and Entreaties with some Pioneers called *Articles*, under the Command of the Honourable *Cornutus Matrimony*, Esq; posted themselves lately on a rising Ground over against this Town, with a design to attack it; but having made their Advances, the Town fired very hard against them, principally with some Cannon they call *Affronts*; which put the Besiegers into so much Disorder, that after they had been often Repulsed, and born their Fire, they were obliged to draw off with the Loss of

Captain *Good Intent*, and Major *Credit*, mortally wounded. Some Days after, the Duke of *Nobility* having practised Intelligence with Mrs. *Ambition*, the Governesses's chief Favorite, ordered his Lieutenant *Quality* to be ready to charge at the first Signal, which was a great Flame to be seen in the Heart of the Place, which he did: And making himself easily Master of the *Windmill of Vanity*, and then of the *Gate of Good Opinion*, the Besiegers got into the Town, took it by Storm, and plunder'd it. This Misfortune obliged the Town, who had a mind to repair its Loss, to send Deputies to General *Matrimony*, inviting him to take Possession of the Place; but he sent them back without so much as admitting them to an Audience.

From the Commonwealth of Injoyment, the 15th of the Month of Pleasure.

The Privy Council met lately, and ordered the Tower of *Bashfulness* to be demolished, as being of no use to the Town. They also commanded the Princess *Modesty*, who had caused it to be built, to depart out of the Dominions of this State, on pain of being exposed to the Affronts of loose Sports and Wantonness, the Rabble of the Place.

So that there is less likelihood of a Peace in these Parts, than with us.

From Dowry in the Land of Portion, the 14th of the Month of Settlement.

THE News from our Frontiers alarm us very much. General *Interest*, at the Head of Forty Thousand pretended *Kindnesses*, threatens to invade us, and hath brought with him many Ingeniers, and great store of Fire-works and Machines, designing to use all the *Stratagems* imaginable to conquer us. Love follows him, and observes his Motions with a Body of pressed *Affiduities* and *Complaisances*, which upon the others Approach, he hath drawn out of the Towns of *Beauty* and *Merit*, where they were in Garrison before, abandoning them, to follow General *Interest*, who is moving towards this Town.

From the Camp before Cruelty the last Day of the Month of Despair.

THE Besieged sallied out with 500 *Angry*. Looks the 27th at Night, and ruined all the Besiegers Works, killed 300 of the Regiment of *Passion*, and nailed two small pieces of Canon on the Battery of *Sighs*. But the following Night Major General *Boldness*, and Colonel *Daring*

stormed the half Moon of *Stubbornness*, which covered the Gate of *Rigor*, and having charg'd the defeated two Companies of *Huffs* and *Slights* that defended it, pursued them almost into the Town, whilst it was beaten on all sides with the Three Batteries of *tender Locks*, *Sighs* and *Flattery*. That of *Gifts*, whose Cannon was charged with *Silver Balls*, played also all the while into the Town, and made a very large Breach, and a Battery of Mortar-pieces, call'd *Perseverance* having set Fire to it, and blowed up the Magazine of *Scorn*; the Besieged beat a *Parley*, and began to *Capitulate*, Major *Present*, and Adjutant *Vows*, were sent as Hostages, and also to agree about the Terms for the delivery of the Fort.

From the Castle of Preciseness, in the Province of Hypocrisie, the 17th Day of the Month of Dissimulation.

TWO Days ago the Lord *Crafty* blocked up this Place, not thinking fit to besiege it, and having sent out some Spies, as also the Engineer *Pimpo*, with a Party to observe its Out-works, and the Enemies Countenance, they returned with a Captain of the Regiment of *Dissembling*, whom they had surprized, and taken Prisoner; from him we learned, that the Garrison wanted Provision and Ammunition, particularly great and small Shot, and that the Gunners and Musqueteers had Orders to make a very great Noise, and a continual Fire with their Artillery, to intimidate those that would besiege the place, and give them *false Alarms*; that they had a Sallygate, called, *The Wicket of close sinning*; and that by this private way, they hoped securely to make Inroads, and deceive the Besiegers, but that it would be easie to make our selves Masters of the Town, entring with some Forces in the Night silently by that Gate. Upon this Information, my Lord *Crafty* detached a Party out of the Regiment of *Secret*, and another out of that of *Silence*, with order to attack by a covered way the Redoubt called *Demureness*, and make themselves Masters of the Town by *Close Sinning*, which succeeded as was expected. We found on the Town-walls many wooden Guns, and Paste-board Machines, to scare the fearful sort of Men, and the Town appeared to us afterwards nothing near so strong as we at first had believed it.

Thus (Gentlemen and Ladies) have I entertain'd you with the *Ogling Post* or *News* for the *Batchelors*.

I wou'd not have Publish'd this *Lovers Gazette*, had not a very Ingenious Lady desir'd it. However (as *Motteux* observe) these *Allegorical Trifles* are not without their *Moral*, and as good a use may be made of them, as of some *Apologues* since their is *something of Satyr runs through the whole*. I shall now, (for the sake of the young unexperienc'd Batchelor) conclude this *Ogling Post* with a Form:

A Form of Courtship according to the newest Mode of Wooing.

YOU must be sure to carry a piece of *Crape* in your Pocket, to wipe the Dust from your Shoes before you approach her, and to have your *Comb* ready to adjust your Wig.

If you sit, be sure Place your self where you may Ogle the Glass, and be very diligent in giving the Genteel turn to the Curls of your Perruque, or the Ribbons of your Cravat-string, and seem not to take much notice of your Mistress.

Admire your own Dress, your own Person and Parts; for to tell her she's Pretty, is to make her Proud, and so stand off the longer.

If you don't sit, and indeed Motion is more natural for a Lover, so it be but Graceful, you must be continually upon the Trip, often visiting the Glass, *asking your Mistress how she likes this Ribbon, that Cut of the Sleeve, this Stocking, that Cravat, and which she thinks becomes you best*. This will give her Occasion to praise your Shape, your Leg, your Face, or some, or all the Parts about you; then strike in, and tell her, *they are all at her Service*, that you are wondrously smitten with her, and so the Suit is over.—We wish you good Success, which you can't fall of, if you ogle in this Manner.

After Debating concerning this *Form of Courtship*, in a full Assembly, the Question was put by *D—n*, *Whether it wern't too Light and Foppish, to direct the Batchelor in his intended Amour?* 4 Yea's, and 5 Noe's.

Next Tuesday will be Publish'd.

THE *Proverbial Post*, or a Poetical Descant upon *English Proverbs*, a Work never attempted before in Verse, writ by *A. B. C. D.* (or the Society of Poets) and will be continu'd every *Saturday* in *Dunton's Oracle*, 'till his 3000 Posts, have furnish'd out a *Universal Entertainment*. Sold by *John Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*.

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